(*Beat.* MISS MONA *appears at the edge of the lighted area.* ANGEL *notices her presence.*)

ANGEL. (*Continued.*) Okay, hunny. I got to ring off now. Mommy loves you. 'Bye, 'bye.

(ANGEL *is near tears as* SHE *hangs up.* MISS MONA *comes to her now.*)

MISS MONA. We'll see if we can't work it so you get the curse around Christmas Eve, all right?

## ACT ONE

### SCENE 6

*Lights come up on Parlor.* DAWN, *wearing an outrageous outfit, enters followed by* BEATRICE.

DAWN. I just hope them Aggies don't win that ol' football game.
BEATRICE. How come?
DAWN. Aw, they're always sayin' howdy and goin' Yee Haw. It just sounds so country.
BEATRICE. Not near as country as you look in that Frederick's of Hollywood outfit.

(SHY *has entered,* CENTER, *wearing a 1950's ballgown and* GINGER *is fitting it for her.*

LINDA LOU *rolls on in* MISS MONA*'s wheelchair.*)

LINDA LOU. (*Teasing.*) Hey, Shy, how was that ol' boy last night?
SHY. Aw, he was all right.

(*The* OTHER GIRLS *join in the teasing.*)

DAWN. Yeah, what kind of date did he want?
BEATRICE. He looked to me like the eight dollar Tuesday night special type.



(*The* GIRLS *all laugh.*)

SHY. Naw, naw—He gave me fifteen dollars.
BEATRICE. Fifteen, huh?
LINDA LOU. Well, hello Mrs. Rockefeller!

(GIRLS *all laugh.* SHY *isn't sure how to take it.*)

GINGER. Ya'll just stop pickin' on her. I know how she feels. I still tell my Mama that I work in the Five and Dime.
LINDA LOU. Well, Hunny, you ain't lyin'.

(MONA *enters with* ANGEL)

MONA. All right now, Girls, you better get your behinds to work 'cause Jewel ain't gonna be here to help you all out.
LINDA LOU. I ain't movin'. The only rest I get around here is when I faint!
GIRLS. Awwww!
ANGEL. What's all the decorations for?
MISS MONA. The football players.
GINGER. Miss Mona, do we have to wear them ball gowns again?
MISS MONA. Yes you do and I don't want to hear any bitchin' about it this year either. Now you see hunny I try to create a homecoming dance kinda atmosphere.
ANGEL. It's gonna take me 20 minutes just to get in and out of the thing.
MISS MONA. Not these. Show her, Ginger.

(GINGER *grasps* SHY*'s dress and tears it off with one swift jerk.*)

GINGER. Velcro!

(JEWEL *enters.*)

BEATRICE. Wow! Look at you!
LINDA LOU. Hey, Jewel, what're you sellin' today.
JEWEL. Hunny, I'm goin' to town with my man, and what I been watchin' you girls sell all week? Well, your Mama's gonna give it away tonight. And I'm gonna have one hell of a time doin' it, too. 'Cause when you only got twenty four hours off, you

gotta make every minute count. (SHE *punches a number on the jukebox, the* BAND *hits a wild sting, the lights flash like the inside of a jukebox and the number begins as* JEWEL *takes her place on the band stand.*)

*"TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF LOVIN"*

JEWEL. (*Continued.*)
THERE'S AN HOUR OF HOLD ME TIGHT
THERE'S AN HOUR OF YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT
THERE'S AN HOUR OF BABY, BABY
COULD WE DO IT MAYBE
AGAIN.
THERE'S AN HOUR OF ME, OH MY
THERE'S AN HOUR OF LOW AND HIGH
THERE'S AN HOUR OF HONEY, SQUEEZE ME
'CAUSE YOU KNOW HOW YOU PLEASE ME
AND THEN
AND THEN, . . .

IT'S TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF LOVIN'
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF FUN
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AND HOW THE TIME DOES FLY
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF LOVIN'
LORD HOW THOSE MINUTES DO RUN
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS
HOW QUICKLY THEY GO BY.

THERE'S AN HOUR OF FINGER TIPS
THERE'S AN HOUR OF SWEET, SWEET LIPS
THERE'S AN HOUR OF A LITTLE LAYIN'
AND A LITTLE PLAYIN'
AROUND.

THERE'S AN HOUR OF THIS AND THAT
THERE'S AN HOUR OF TIT FOR TAT
THERE'S AN HOUR OF A LITTLE KIDDIN'
WHEN THE CHARMS I'VE HIDDEN
GET FOUND,
AND THEN, . . .

IT'S TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF LOVIN'



TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF FUN
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AND HOW THAT TIME DOES FLY
AND THEN IT'S TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF LOVIN'
LORD, HOW THOSE MINUTES DO RUN
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS
HOW QUICKLY THEY GO BY
(*Dance.*)
THERE'S AN HOUR OF PARADISE
THERE'S AN HOUR OF OOOO, THA'S NICE
THERE'S AN HOUR OF HONEY NEVER
HAVE I DONE THIS EVER
BEFORE.

'CAUSE THERE'S AN HOUR OF GETTIN' HOT
THERE'S AN HOUR OF THA'S THE SPOT
THERE'S AN HOUR OF I'M IN CLOVER
'CAUSE WE'RE STARTIN' OVER
ONCE MORE
AND THEN, . . .

IT'S TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF LOVIN'
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF FUN
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF HOW THE TIME DOES FLY
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF LOVIN'
LORD, HOW THOSE MINUTES DO RUN
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS
HOW QUICKLY THEY GO BY.

(*As* JEWEL *finishes her number,* SHE *takes her overnight bag in her hand, puts on her coat, and as* SHE *finishes the song* SHE *is gone.*)

GINGER. Well, I always wondered what she did on her day off!

(*Suddenly* SHERIFF ED EARL DODD *busts into the room.* HE *is a big tall cowboy type, crusty, you might call him, complete with six shooter and a star sherriff's badge.* HE *looks like* HE*'s had a rough morning.*)

SHERIFF. Goddamnit, Mona, I gotta talk to you! I'm so Goddamn mad my hair hurts. 'Scuse me, Ladies.